

Geo. Washington's Vision, Foretelling Fate of the Nation, Is Contained in a Clipping Owned by Oklahoma City Man

Timely Story, First Published in 1862—Angel Appeared to Father of Country Prophesying End of Revolution, Civil War and Great Struggle Yet to Come

The following very remarkable story was first published in 1862, and at that time clipped from an eastern newspaper by Mr. Curtis E. Wells, of Oklahoma City, through whose courtesy The Times is enabled to present it to its readers.

It reads like a statement of fact, rather than a prophet vision:

WASHINGTON'S VISION

By Wesley Bradshaw

Taken from an old newspaper handed us by Curtis E. Wells, of Lafayette. The publication of this article is most appropriate and likewise valuable at this time.

The last time I ever saw Anthony Sherman was on the 4th of July, 1859, in Independence Square. He was then ninety-one, and becoming very feeble; but though so old, his dimming eyes rekindled as he looked at Independence Hall, which, he said, he had come to gaze upon once more before he was gathered home.

"What time is it?" said he, raising his trembling eyes to the clock in the steeples, and endeavoring to shade the corner with a weathered hand—"what time is it? I can't see so well as I used to."

Half past three.

"Come, then," he continued, "let us go into the hall! I want to tell you an incident of Washington's life—one which no one living knows of except myself; and if you live, you will, before long, see it verified. Mark me, I am not superstitious, but you will see it verified."

The Tale Begun

Reaching the visitors' room, in

which the sacred relics of our early days are preserved, we sat down on one of the old-fashioned wooden benches, and my venerable friend related to me the following singular narrative, which, from the peculiarity of our national affairs at the present time, I have been induced to give to the world. I give it, as nearly as possible, in his own words:

"When the bold action of our Congress in asserting the independence of our country, became known to the world, we were laughed and scoffed at as silly, presumptuous rebels, whom British grandmamas would soon tame into submission; but, undaunted, we prepared to make good what we had said. The keen encounter came, and the world knew the result. The day was easy and pleasant for those of the present generation to talk and write of the days of Seventy Six, but they little know—neither can they imagine—the trials and sufferings of those fearful days. And there is one thing that I much fear, and that is that the American people do not properly appreciate the boon of freedom. Party spirit is yearly becoming stronger and stronger, and unless it is checked, will, at no distant day, undermine and tumble into ruins the noble structure of the Republic. But let me hasten to my narrative.

Valley Forge

"From the opening of the Revolution, we experienced all phases of fortune—now good and now ill, at one time victorious, and at another conqueror. The darkest period we had, however, was, I think, when Washington, gazing upon his associates after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge, where he remained during the winter of '77. Ah! I have

told you all about it, and I have

often seen the bones, scaling down

our dear old master, whenever

worn checks as he should be contem-

plishing with a companion officer about

the condition of his poor soldiers.

You have doubtless heard the story of

Washington going to the ocean, I

pray. Well, it is not very true, but

he used often to pass to secret council

and comfort from that ocean, the infer-

noe of whose olive Providence

alone brought us safety through those

dark days of tribulation.

"One day, I remember it well—the

chilly wind whistled, and I waded

through the leafless trees, though the

sky was cloudless, and the sun shone

brightly; he remained in his quarters

nearly the whole of the afternoon

alone. When he came out, I noticed

that his face was a shade paler than

usual, and that there seemed to be ex-

traordinary importance. Recurring just

after dusk, he dispatched an orderly to

call on self. This gradually disappeared,

and I looked upon a strange scene.

Before me lay stretched out in one

wide plain all the countries of the

world—Europe, Asia, Africa, and

America. I saw rolling and tessellat-

ing the broad oceans, and the great

continents, and the islands, and the

islets, and the rocks, and the reefs, and

the waves, and the clouds, and the

sun, and the moon, and the stars, and

the clouds, and the rain, and the

thunder, and the lightning, and the

rainbow, and the rainbow, and the

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